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# Dear Hearts are Waiting

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# DEAR HEARTS ARE WAITING.

Sung by ARTHUR LENNARD.

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What is the love of a father and mother ?

'Tis heaven on earth, neither more nor less ;

If you've that love, never mind any other,

Your station in life you have cause to bless.

I was a scamp in the days long ago,

Ruin'd my parents who both lov'd me so ;

Beggar'd them, and from my country took flight,

But did they curse me ?—no ! hear what they write—

## Chorus.

Dear hearts are waiting, mingling hopes and fears,

Dear hands are shaking, dear eyes are fill'd with tears ;

Father and mother, at the cottage door,

Waiting to welcome their wandering boy home once more.

When for my sake with the old home they parted

And sold all to free me from debt, poor Dad

Blessed me, and as for the New World I started,

He gave me the last five-pound note he had.

I cursed myself and I swore from that day,

Ere many years of my life passed away ;

I'd get the old home back for them once more—

And now to buy it I've reached England's shore.

CHORUS.—Dear hearts are waiting, &c.

Fortune for months I was hopelessly wooing,

But now, thank the fates, I have made my pile ;

And to set right all my youthful wrong-doing,

I've come back again to my native Isle.

Father and mother in fancy I see,

Straining their eyes for the first glimpse of me ;

Seen in their dear arms, ne'ermore to roam,

With their loved scapegrace, their wand'rer, be home.

CHORUS.—Dear hearts are waiting, &c.